Merry Jingles

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By
Sarah L. Moore
ILLUSTRATED
By
Harry
Webster
'99

Class PZ8

Book .3M926

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Little Doctor

Merry Jingles

A Book for the Little Ones

By Sarah L. Moore

Illustrated by
Harry Webster

Photographs by
Helen Nichols

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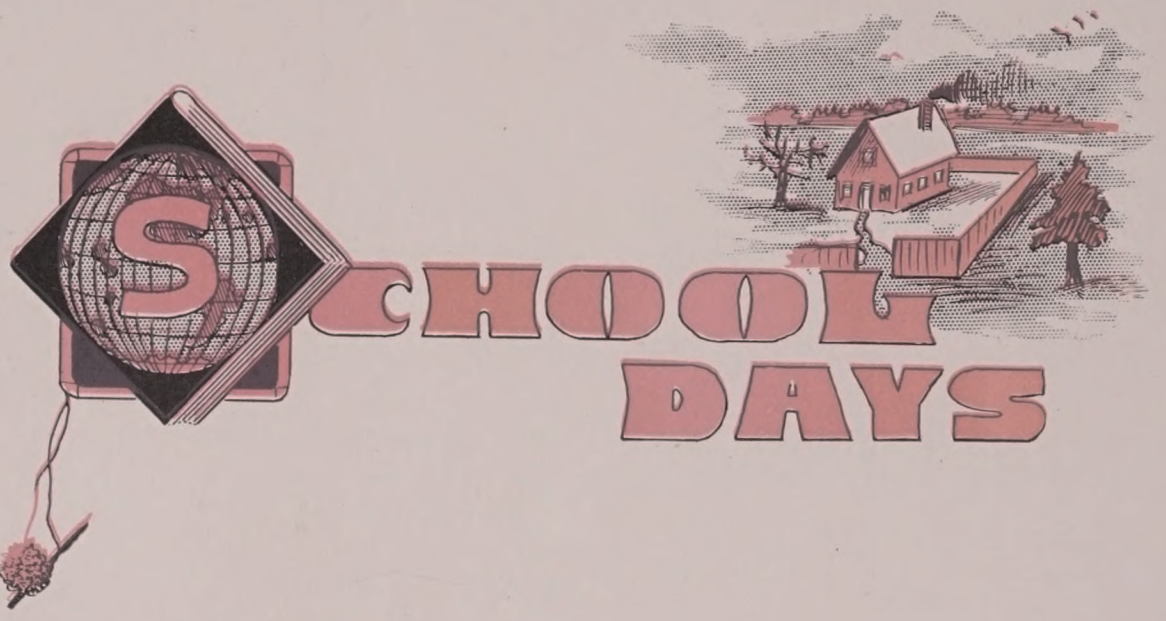
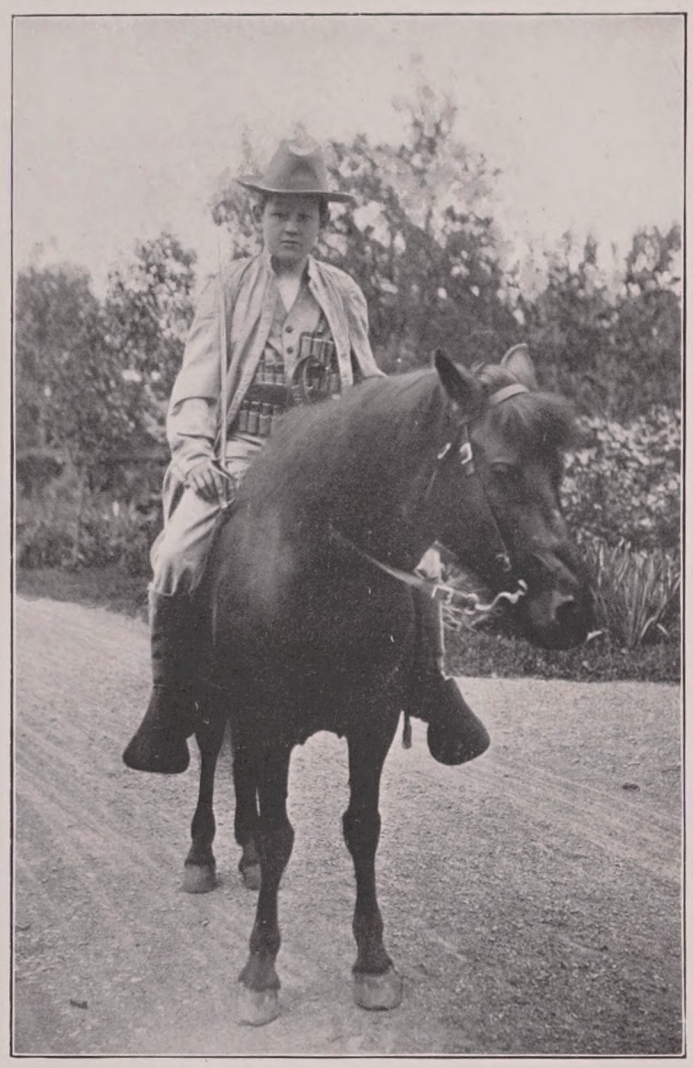
Good Morning

Good Morning; can you lie abed
On such a lovely morning?
Open your eyes and see the sun;
Dew drops on flowers adorning.
May this bright day be one to you
Of profit, health, and pleasure,
Remembered as a day of days,
Not marked by one bad measure.
Instill into your mind this creed,
No friend will I refuse in need—
Good Morning—Good Morning.

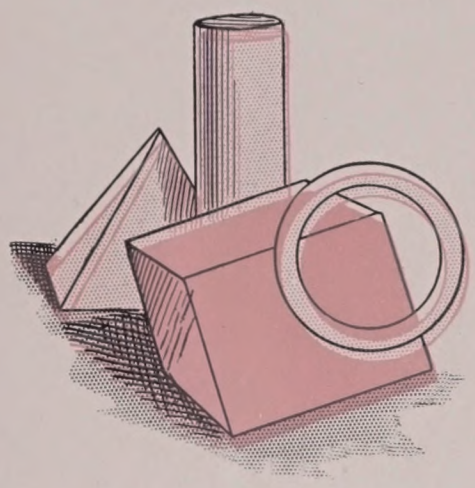
Who Can Tell?



Happy school days, free from care,
Happy children, sweet and fair;
Studying hard the rule of three,
Searching for mountain, river, and
sea.
Then for a romp, a shout, and play,
For free are they the rest of the
day.
Happy school days, happy state,
Full valued oft when too late.



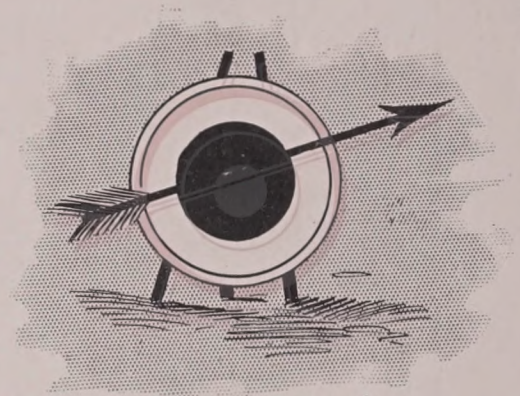
The Young American



OBJECT RHYMES

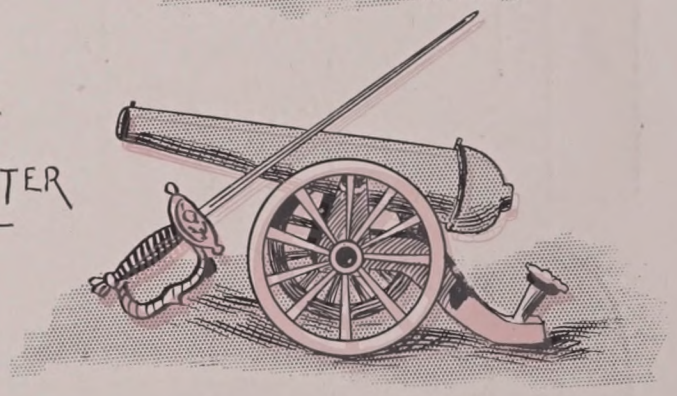
A

STANDS FOR ARROW
HOW SWIFT DOTH IT FLY
FROM THE BOW TO THE MARK
AS STRAIGHT AS A DIE



B

STANDS FOR BATTLE
SO CRUEL AND FIERCE
WITH CANNON TO SHATTER
AND SWORD TO PIERCE



C

STANDS FOR CHILDREN
GOD BLESS THEM ALL
FROM THE MANLY BOY
TO THE BABY SO SMALL

D

STANDS FOR DOCTOR
WHO CURES ALL OUR ILLS
WITH BAD TASTING DOSES
OR SWEET COVERED PILLS

E

STANDS FOR ENGINEER
GUIDING THE TRAIN
HOW SURE MUST HIS HAND BE
HOW STEADY HIS BRAIN

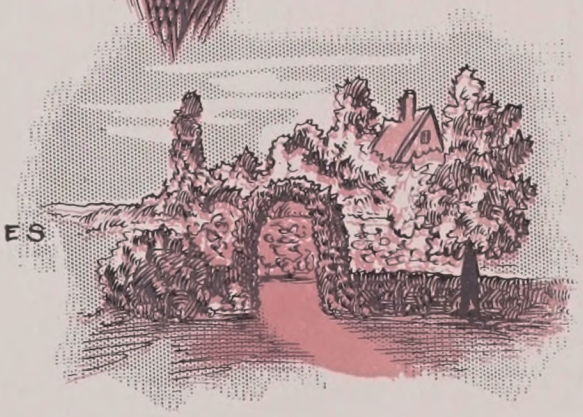
F

STANDS FOR FINGERS
HOW MANY HAVE YOU ?
COUNT AND YOU'LL FIND
YOU HAVE FOUR TIMES TWO

4 × 2 = 8

G

STANDS FOR GARDEN
SO GAY WITH FLOWERS
GERANIUMS AND PANSIES
AND ROSES IN BOWERS



H

STANDS FOR HUNGER
GOD HELP THOSE WHO FEEL
IN THIS LAND OF PLENTY
THE NEED OF A MEAL

I

STANDS FOR INK
NOW WHERE IS YOUR PEN?
WRITE YOUR NAME OUT IN FULL
BEFORE I COUNT TEN

J

STANDS FOR JAPANESE
A PEOPLE WHO OWN
THE NAME OF BEING—
THE CLEANEST KNOWN

K

STANDS FOR KITTEN
HER FUR IS LIKE SILK
SUPPOSE WE GET HER
A SAUCER OF MILK

L

STANDS FOR LAZINESS
A HABIT SO BAD
I HOPE YOU DON'T OWN IT
MY LASSIE MY LAD

M

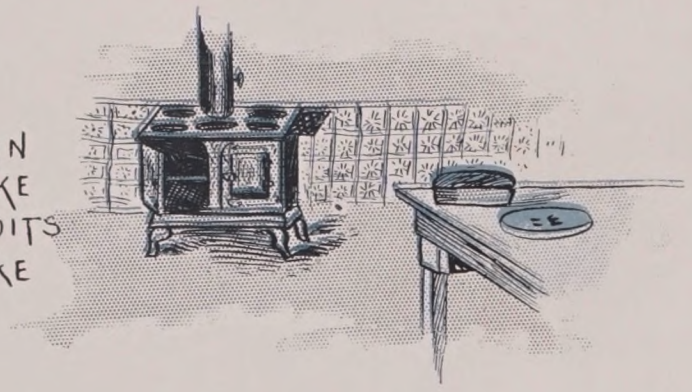
STANDS FOR MAGPIE
A CHATTERING BIRD
SOME OF ITS TALK
SOUNDS VERY ABSURD

N

STANDS FOR NAIL
DRIVE IT IN WITH A HAMMER
NOW SPELL N-A-I-L
WITHOUT EVEN A STAMMER

O

STANDS FOR OVEN
IN WHICH WE BAKE
BREAD AND BISCUITS
PUDDING AND CAKE

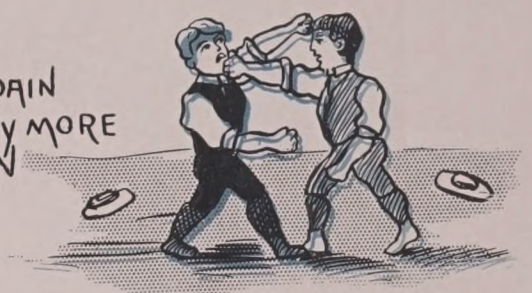


P

STANDS FOR PAIN
AND ALSO FOR PLEASURE
SOME FOLKS OF THE FIRST
HAVE MORE THAN GOOD
MEASURE

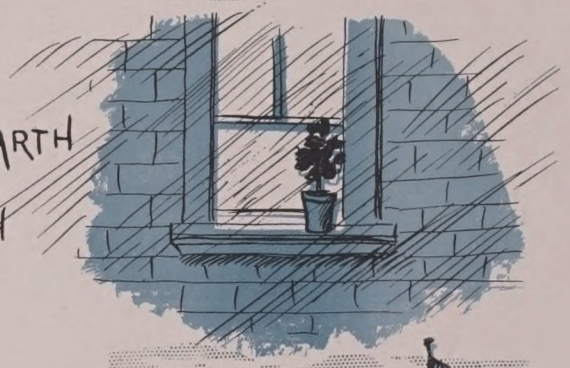
Q

STANDS FOR QUARRELS
WHICH CAUSE SO MUCH PAIN
WITHOUT THEM HOW MANY MORE
FRIENDS ONE WOULD GAIN



R

STANDS FOR RAIN
WHICH WATERS THE EARTH
IT FALLS ON THE SEEDS
AND GIVES THEM BIRTH

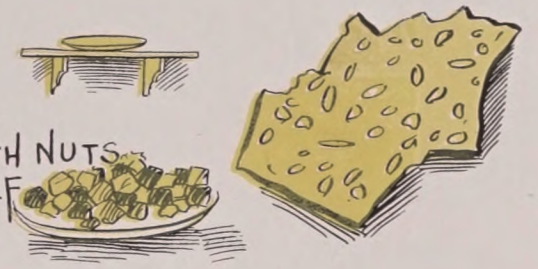


S

STANDS FOR SLEEPY-TOWN
WHERE THE SANDMAN LIVES
HE COMES TO LITTLE BOYS AND
GIRLS
AND SLEEP AND REST GIVES

T

STANDS FOR TAFFY
IN PANS UPON THE SHELF
SOME PLAIN AND SOME WITH NUTS
WALK IN AND HELP YOURSELF



U

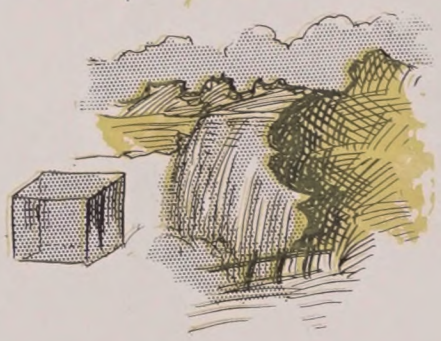
STANDS FOR UPROAR
AND ITS SURE TO BE HEARD
WHEN BOYS ARE AROUND
I'LL GIVE YOU MY WORD

V

STANDS FOR VEGETABLES
GREENS AND POTATOES
CARROTS AND PARSNIPS
CORN AND TOMATOES

W

STANDS FOR WATER
THE BEST DRINK FOR HEALTH
BY ITS USE YOU'LL DISCOVER
THE MAIN ROAD TO WEALTH

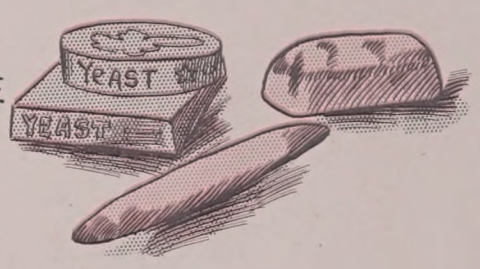


X

STANDS FOR XEBEX
A THREE MASTED BOAT
ON THE MEDITERRANEAN
IT IS SEEN TO FLOAT

Y

STANDS FOR YEAST
WHICH MAKES THE BREAD RISE
IF YOU BUY IT IN CAKES
YOU'LL SHOW YOU'RE WISE



Z

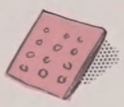
STANDS FOR ZIGZAG
THE SHAPE OF THIS LETTER
AND USED FOR A RHYME
FOR WANT OF A BETTER.

JINGLES

A for Almond

B for Bone

C for Crackers



D for Drone

E for Eagle

F for Fate

G for Girlie

H for Hate

I for Idol

J for Jam

K for Kitchen

L for Lamb

M for Mischief

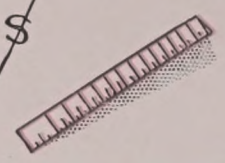
N for Nail

O for Orange

P for Pail

Q for Quinces

R for Rule



S for Sugar

T for Tool

U for Use and

V for Voice

W for Wisdom

Take your choice

Together go

The hardest letters to

Rhyme Know

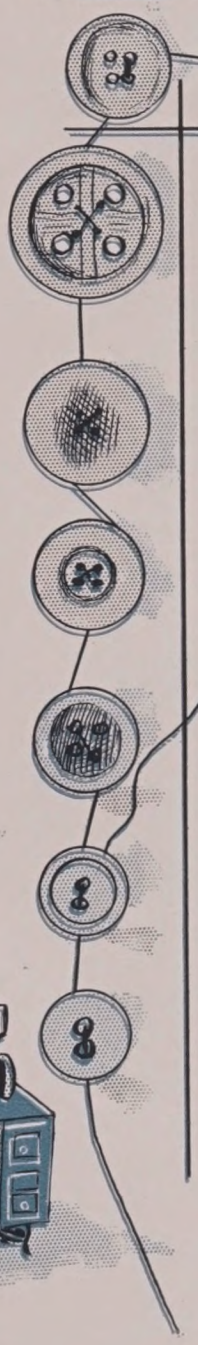
Ship-Builders

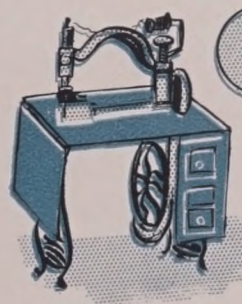
A Rhyme

A for Apples round and sweet,
B for Biscuits made from wheat.
C for Cherries ripe and red,
D for Dinner meat and bread.
E for Eggs fresh from the nest,
F for the Face that we love best.
G for Grapes in clusters full,
H for Horns on head of bull.
I for Ice the cream to freeze,
J for Jelly in bags we squeeze.
K for Keys that lock the doors,
L for the Lion that loudly roars.
M for the Miller who makes the flour,
N for the Noodle who can't tell the hour.
O for the Ocean with waves so high,
P for the Panther wicked and sly.
Q for the Queen who sits on the throne,
R for Raisin look out for the stone.
S for School where children are taught,
T for Tomatoes sold by the quart.
U for the Union blessed by God,
V for the Vault where grain is stored.
W for Waffles rich and fine,
X for Xeres a Spanish wine.
Y for the Yacht which sails o'er the sea,
Z for Zany how funny is he.

"A Stitch in Time"

WEE SEWERS





A band of wee sewers,
  Most faithfully led,
Have learned to do wonders
  With needle and thread.

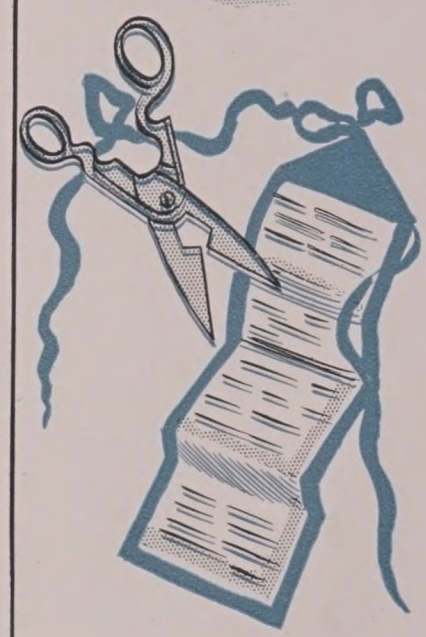
Their stitches are tiny,
  Their bias most true;
They can darn, they can hem,
  Make a button-hole too.

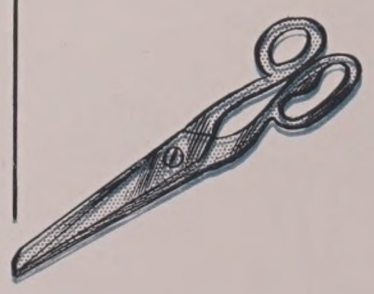
How swift flies the needle!
  How straight lies the seam!
    One scarce can believe—
      It must be a dream.

But, no! here's the proof of it—
  Gusset and band,
And gathers laid even
  By each little hand.

Their faces are happy,
  Their hearts know no care;
Of life's richest blessings
  May each have a share.

And then the good teacher,
  So strict, yet not harsh,
With her lies the credit—
  Three cheers for Miss Marsh!





A Five-O'Clock Tea

The Doll's Tea Party

An invitation to tea was sent out
To the dollies that lived just near and about,
To the birthday party of Lottie Gray's doll,
A big wax baby they all called Moll.

Each fond little mother dressed her pets in their best,
Put on each one a ribbon more fine than the rest,
And gave them many a warning word,
To be good little children and not act absurd.

A grander sight one never did see
Than those dollies when all sat down to tea ;
There were dollies with black hair and lovely dark eyes,
And some with light hair and eyes blue as the skies.

There were elegant dolls who owned many charms,
And dolls with one eye, and dolls with no arms;
But they all seemed happy as happy could be,
As they nibbled their cake and stirred their tea.

Each proud little mother looked out for her flock,
Braced them up in their seats with a book or a block,
And watched that they did not take too much to eat,
That they folded their napkins up all smooth and neat.

And though each mother feared, that before
the next day,
There'd be calls for the doctor, and big bills
to pay,
Yet 'twas fully and freely agreed
to by all,
That a perfect success was
Lottie Gray's ball.

A Future President, Maybe

A Picture

Soft, light rings of curly hair,
A forehead high, and smooth and fair,
Under these two eyes of blue,
A little nose so pretty too;
Too plump cheeks, health's story tell,

Two ears each like a tiny shell;
Two red lips just ripe for a kiss,
A little face, like this, like this,
Belongs to him, our household joy,
Our blessed, darling baby boy!

Proper Names

A stands for **Alice,**
A bright little lass,
Who always stands
At the head of her class.

B stands for **Basil,**
So fond of a book;
He loves to sit
reading
In some quiet nook.

C stands for
Charlotte,
A prim little
lady,
Who can put
on a patch,
And knit socks
for the baby.

D stands for **Donald,**

An unfortunate chap,

Who is always in scrapes,

And has many a mishap.

E stands for **Elsie,**

The violin player;

The strings are her slaves,

At a touch they obey her.

F stands for **Frank,**

Who cries "Telegram,"

And his shrill voice begs,

"Buy my last copy, ma'am."

G stands for **Gertrude,**

With soft brown eyes,

Gentle and loving,

Simple and wise.

H stands for **Harold,**

Called "poor Hal" too;

He's lame, and must use crutches

All his life through.

I stands for **Isabel,**

Straight, slim, and tall—

A graceful child,

Admired by all.

J stands for **Johnnie,**
The little bootblack,
Half clothed and sick,
And oft hungry, poor Jack!

K stands for **Katherine,**
Who loves to play school;
She's strict with her dollies,
And teaches by rule.

L stands for **Louis,**
Who tells funny tales
Of darkies who tie up
The big cotton bales.

M stands for **Mary,**

So useful and busy;

Her plans for the day

Make a lazy one dizzy.

N stands for **Nicholas,**

Bright, quick, and smart;

He'll be a rich man yet,

And make his mark.

O stands for **Olive,**

Whose little round face

Looks ripe for a kiss

In its neat cap and lace.

P stands for **Philip,**

A boy fond of horses;

He rides them bare back,

And his curly hair tosses.

Q stands for **Queenie,**

Our name for the baby;

She rules us all well,

And could you too—**MAYBE.**

R stands for **Robert;**

He'll come along soon

With his hands in his pocket,

Whistling a tune.

S stands for **Susan,**

A wild little mite,

With cheeks just like roses,

And eyes sparkling bright.

T stands for **Thomas,**

Who a soldier would be,

And march off to battle

Armed cap-a-pie.

U stands for **Ursula,**

Cold, proud, and stern;

Of the pleasures of life

She refuses to learn.

V stands for **Vivian,**

Whose long curly hair

Is his mother's delight

And her special care.

W for **Winifred,**

Generous and free;

She would share her last penny

With you and with me.

X stands for **Xerxes,**

A wise king of old,

Who for beauty of stature

Was noted, we're told.

Y stands for **Yankee,**

By which you may guess

Is meant an American,

No more nor less.

Z stands for **Zenobia,**

A queen dead and gone

Long before you or I

Or our mothers were born.

A Coaching Party

An Anxious Moment

PLAYING DOCTOR

"Oh! doctor, see my little pet,
She seems in dreadful pain;
All night she cried and moaned, and now
She'll soon begin again.

"She will not touch a bit to eat—
And hasn't she some fever?
Her auntie thinks she won't get well;
I can not, will not, believe her."

The doctor put his glasses on,
And gravely shook his head.
He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue,
And this is what he said:

"Your baby girl is very ill,
I fear me she will die;
But give her every hour a pill,
And do not let her cry.

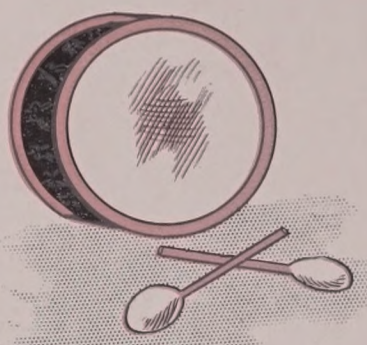
"She looks as though she had the croup,
Or maybe 'tis the measles;
The best thing you can get for that
Is the skin of twenty weasels.

"Make out of this a good warm cloak,
And wrap the baby in it.
Sit by the bed and hold her hand,
And watch her every minute.

"To-morrow I will call at noon,
And hope to find her better;
But if she should grow worse again,
Just send for me by letter."

"Attention!"

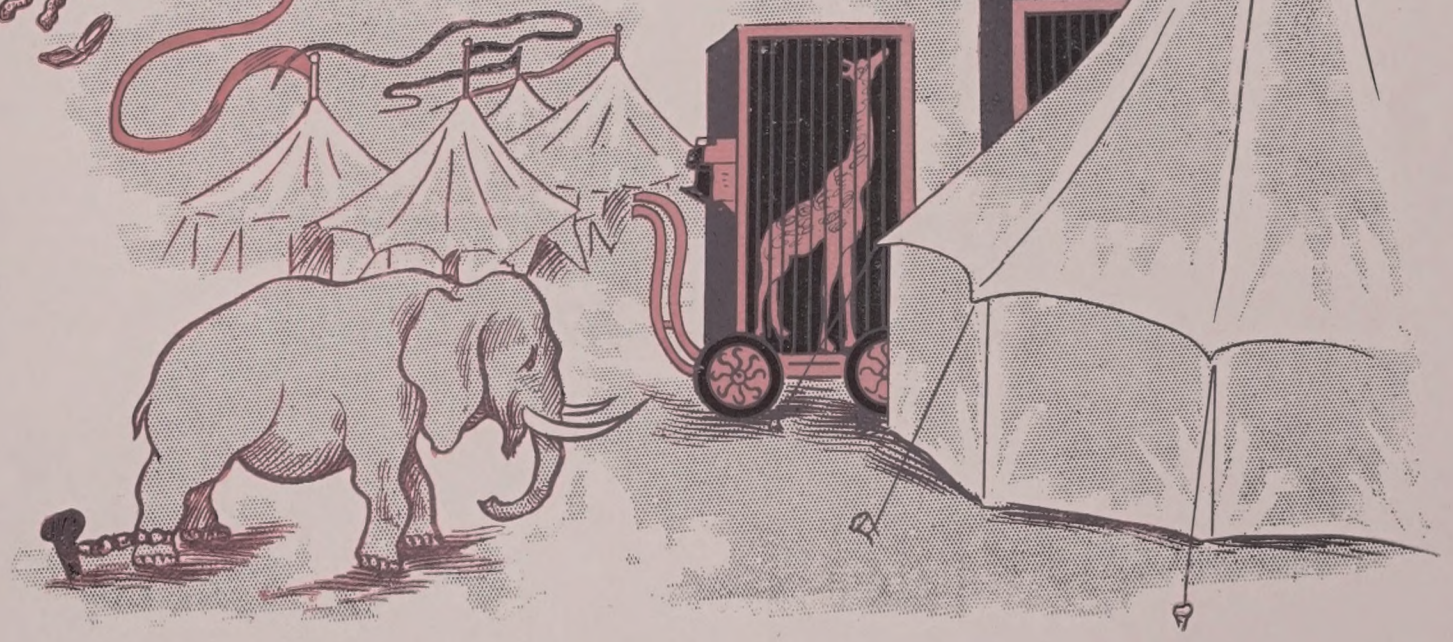
The Circus



"The circus has come,"
the children cry.
Will it march through
the streets, they wonder,
With the clowns gaily dressed,
Poking fun at the rest,
And the lions whose roar is like
thunder?

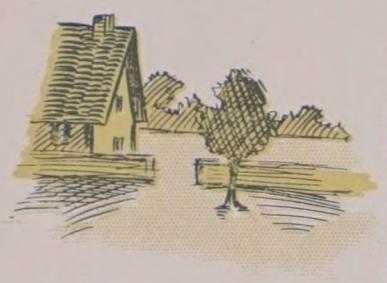
With the horses who prance to
the music's time,
And the elephants marching
stately,
How their great ears flap!
Should they give one a rap
On the head—'twould astonish
one greatly.

Three cheers let us give for
Barnum the great;
How many young lives he
has gladdened!
His life a success—
No more and no less,
And his death has many
hearts saddened.



The Charger

ONE, TWO, WHO ARE YOU.



1, 2 Who are you?

3, 4 You're a bore.

5, 6 Why don't you fix

7, 8 Your broken gate?

9, 10 Successful men

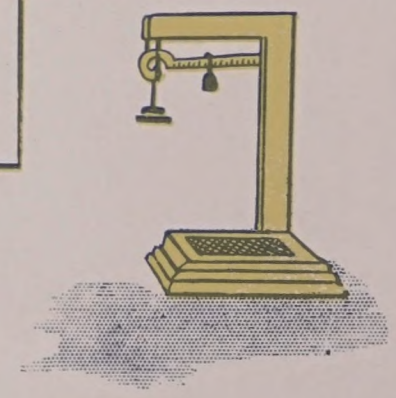
11, 12 Dig and delve.

13, 14 Meat that's bought lean

15, 16 Needs fat mixing.

17, 18 What's your weight, lean?

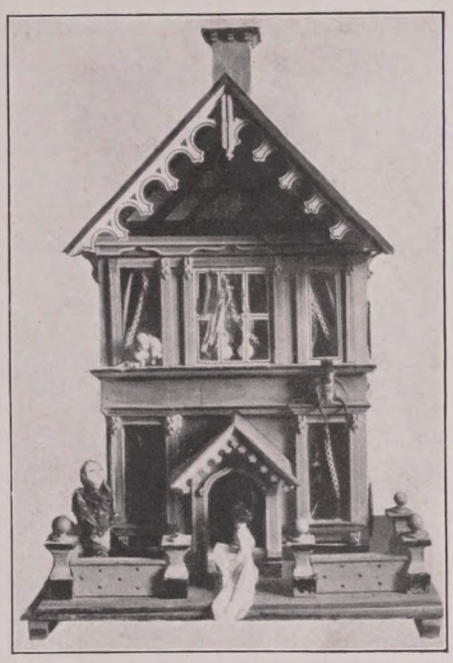
19, 20 Pounds a plenty.



Pleasant Moments

Cat and Kittens

Our cat has six little kittens,
The tiniest, prettiest things;
They roll and fall over each other,
And the mother purrs and sings.
Tight closed were their eyes, and Jo said
They would open in nine full days.
Now that time has come and they are ready for play,
And to show me their funny ways.
There are two of them black and two are gray,
And two have spots of yellow.
I'll save one black one for sick Tommy Jones,
It will please him, the poor little fellow.
And I'll give any one of the others she likes
To Bessie, my friend at school,
Except the black one, which I keep for luck,
For mamma says that's the rule.
Suppose cross Bridget should drown them all—
I hope she won't be so cruel;
But she'll say they bother her under her feet—
She may do it while I'm at school



BRIGHT EYES

WISTED

IF I WERE YOU AND YOU WERE I
IF WE WERE JUST EACH OTHER
IF JOHN WERE JAMES AND JAMES
WERE JOHN
AND PHILIP CHANGED WITH MOTHER

A MIXED UP STATE WE'D ALL BE IN
EACH TAKEN FOR THE OTHER
I VOTE WE STAY JUST AS WE ARE
AND SO AVOID ALL BOTHER

A Happy Thought

CHUMS

Dan and Webster—
  Such friends were they,
They laughed and talked
  The live-long day.
Dan was shy,
  Had little to say,
But he'd smile in the sweetest,
    prettiest way,
  When anything pleased his fancy.

Webster was sturdy, strong, and bold,
  And *such* a talker;
No book could hold
All the gossip and chatter he told
  From early dawn till evening.

These two little boys
  Had lived four years
In this big world,
  And shed some tears
O'er trials and troubles
  And doubts and fears,
And their mothers had watched
    them through those years,
  As mothers *will* do forever!

Blowing Bubbles

A Question

1, 2, 3, 4,

Adds up TEN and nothing more

5, 6, 7, 8.

Adds up this before too late

How much this all makes

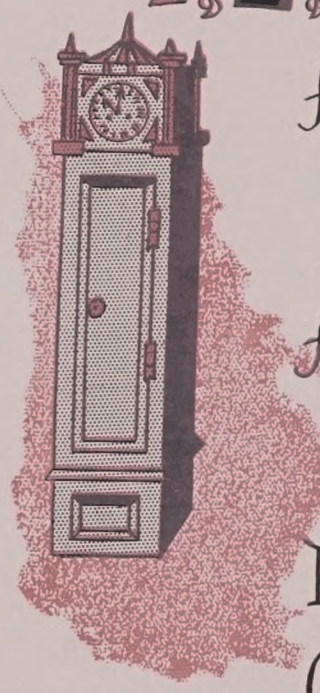
Do U see ?

Count by dozens

up

to

Three



True Friends

THE DOGS SALLIE OWNED

THE first was a pug named Tony, and mamma was afraid of him; she said she would not have a dog around for fear he would bite me, but you ought to have seen how fond she grew of Tony. He would follow her all over, and would rather be with her than play with me. He was a great barker and good for keeping thieves and tramps away. Tony was quite old when he was given to papa, and after a while he became blind and sick, and James, the gardener, had to get some poison and kill him. Just before papa made up his mind to poison Tony, a friend gave us another dog, a pretty little brown pup. We didn't like him very much, and when he picked up a piece of poisoned meat and ate it and died, I'm afraid we were not very sorry. James buried them both in the lot next to our house, and mamma cried because Tony had to be killed.

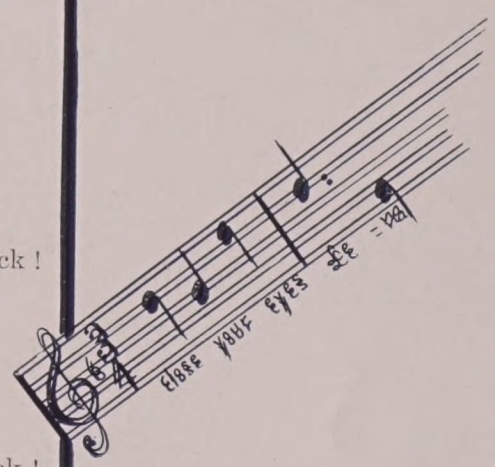
Next papa brought a big brown dog with a beautiful long curly tail and lovely brown eyes, and we all said, "Now we have a *nice* dog."

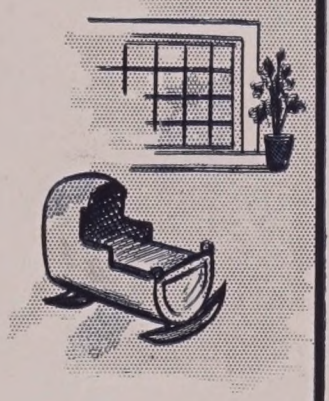
Papa said she was a setter, and we called her Vic. She was young and very wild, jumping on everybody, and chewing up anything she could get hold of. One day the coal man left the carriage gate open; Vic was loose, and skipped out when none of us saw her and ran off. Papa offered a reward, but we never saw her again. Then we were without a dog for a long time, till another friend sent us one from the country; he was like Vic, but better. He was older and knew how to behave himself, didn't jump so much, and didn't chew everything. Oh! he was lovely, and my auntie who lives with us said he was the best of all, and she petted him a great deal. His name was Snyder. We kept him chained, for papa said: "We'll keep him tied until he knows us all and likes us too well to run away as Vic did." Well, papa did not wait long enough, for the first time he was let loose, he didn't wait for the gate to be opened, but jumped the fence as soon as papa untied him, and was soon out of sight; and though papa offered more money than he did for Vic, we never saw him again. I wonder why we can't keep a dog!

Now we have another, but he is ugly; he has a white body with yellow spots, so we call him Spot. He is small and wild, and jumps on the carriage where my little baby sister, only a month old, is asleep, so we have to keep him tied all the time. Papa and I like him, but nobody else does; so may be we'll be able to keep him, as all the nice ones die or run away.

Rock the Cradle Gently

LULLABY





ROCK ! ROCK ! ROCK !

Rock the cradle gently,
Baby's going to sleep;
See the eyelids closing
O'er the blue so deep.
Rock ! Rock ! Rock !

Rock the cradle gently ;
Tell me, does she dream
Of heaven, spirits, angels,
And a power supreme ?
Rock ! Rock ! Rock !

God watch o'er my darling,
Guide her tender mind,
That through life's weary windings
The true path she may find.
Rock ! Rock ! Rock !

Rock the cradle gently ;
Hush ! thy mother's nigh.
How peacefully she slumbers,
Hush a bye a bye.
Rock ! Rock ! Rock !

Adam walked the garden pure,
Till **Eve** the apple brought.
Forbidden by the God above,
They ate and wisdom sought.

Cain watched his brother **Abel** work,
With eyes of jealous hate.
Then killed him and received God's mark—
Such was the murderer's fate.

Noah built the Ark at God's command,
To save him from the flood,
Of animals of each kind two,
And all his flesh and blood.

Joseph, whom his father loved,
His brothers sought to kill,
Then sold him to the Midianites,
And of silver had their fill.

The mother of **Moses** hid her son
In a basket by the shore.
To **Pharaoh's** daughter he was brought,
And saved forevermore.

Samson was the strongest man,
Till in an evil hour
A woman found his secret out,
And stole from him his power.

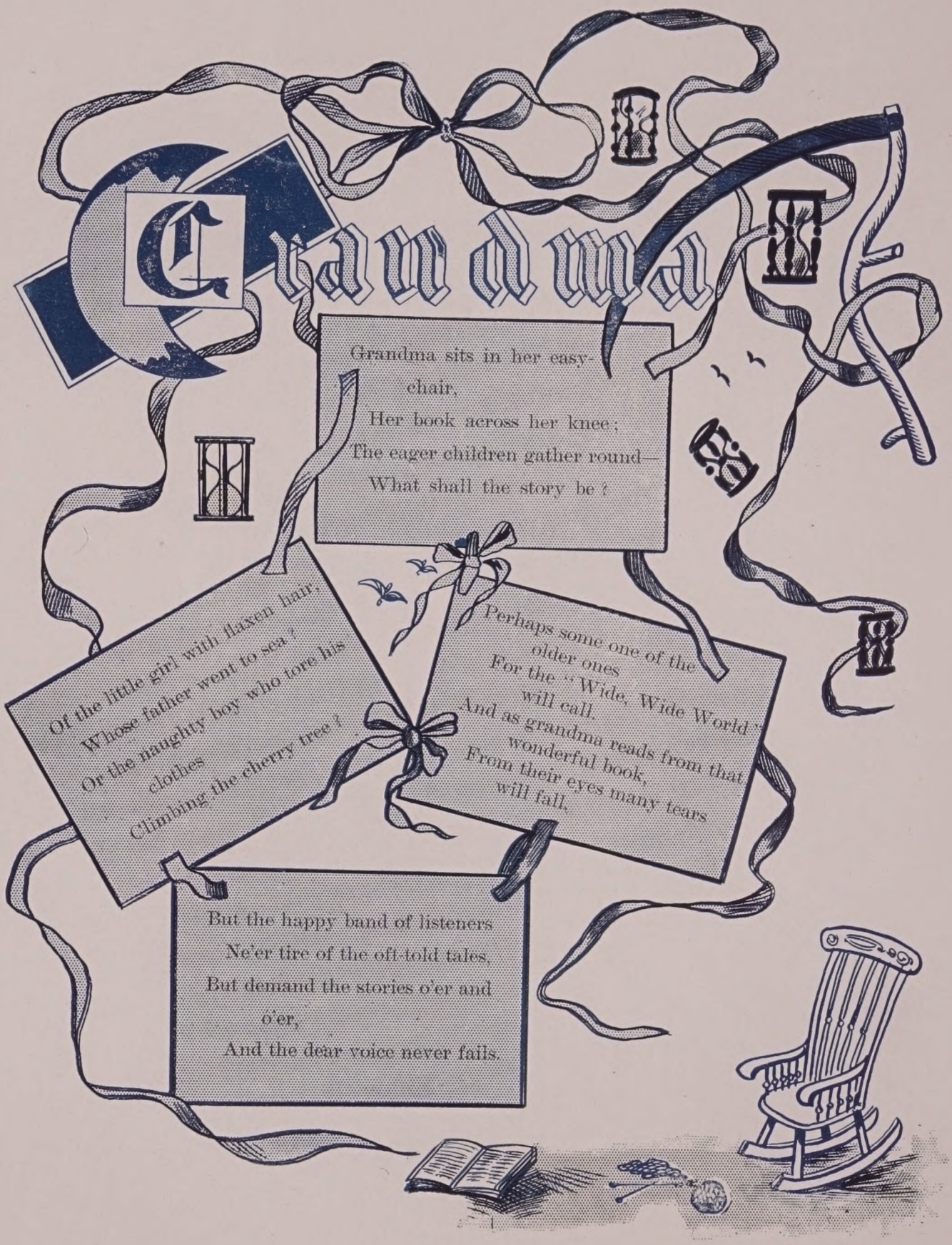
David to meet **Goliath** went,
With a bag of stones and a sling.
"I come in the name of the Lord," he said,
"And death to you I bring."

Daniel was by a wicked king
Cast into a lion's den;
An angel came and closed their mouths,
To the wonder of all men.

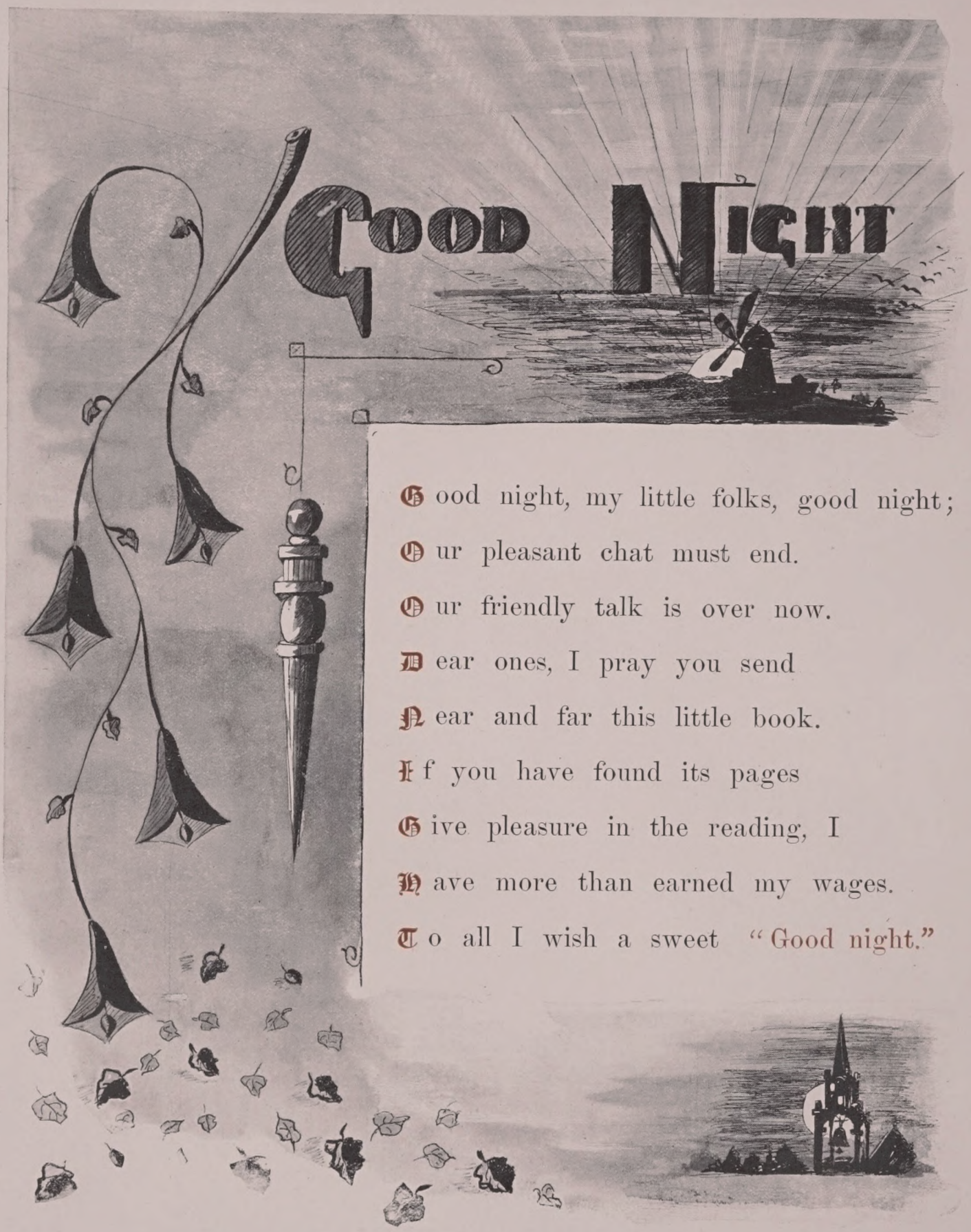
Jonah sailed upon the seas,
And the ship was tempest-tossed;
The sailors threw him overboard,
And gave him up for lost.

But a fish had swallowed **Jonah** up,
In its belly it kept him three days;
Then delivered him up at God's command,
So wonderful are His ways.

A Tale from the "Wide, Wide World"


Grandma
Grandma sits in her easy-chair,
Her book across her knee;
The eager children gather round—
What shall the story be?
Of the little girl with flaxen hair,
Whose father went to sea?
Or the naughty boy who tore his clothes
Climbing the cherry tree?
Perhaps some one of the older ones
For the "Wide, Wide World" will call.
And as grandma reads from that wonderful book,
From their eyes many tears will fall.
But the happy band of listeners
Ne'er tire of the oft-told tales,
But demand the stories o'er and o'er,
And the dear voice never fails.

A Difficult Question



Good night, my little folks, good night;
Our pleasant chat must end.
Our friendly talk is over now.
Dear ones, I pray you send
Near and far this little book.
If you have found its pages
Give pleasure in the reading, I
Have more than earned my wages.
To all I wish a sweet "Good night."

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